If guilty dread have left thee so much sense
As to take up mine honours pawne, then
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood
Will I make good against thee arme to arme
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.
Mow: I take it up, and by that sword I
Which guiltly layd my Knighthood on my
Ile answer thee in any fair degree,
Or Chivalrous designe of Knightly tryall
And when I mount, alive may I not
If I be traytor, or unjustly fight.
King: What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbray
It must be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul: Looke what I said my life shall
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
In name of Lendings for y highnesse Souldiers
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments
Like a false Traytor, & injurious Villaine
Besides

Besides I say, & will in battaile prove,
Or here or elsewhere to y furthest verge
That ever was surveyd by English eye,
That all the treasons of these eighteene yeares
Complotted & contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false Mowbray their first head &
Further I say & further will maintaine
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone believing adversaries,
And consequently like a traytor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames
Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cryes,
Even from y tongueless caverns of the earth
To me for Justice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.
King.

(End of 3d. page.)